ing! We struggle here against the tyranny of the gods, and the hopes of humanity are with us! Misfortune itself knows heroism, and glory! Only adversity was wanting to complete my career! Had I died on the throne, in the clouds of my almightiness, I would have remained a problem for many; as it is, thanks to my misfortunes, I can be judged naked.

December 6th. Well, we shall have sentries under our windows for dinner atLongwood; they would like to compel me to have a foreign officer at my table, in my room; I must not ride out on horseback without one; in a word we must not take one step, under penalty of an insult!

January 1, 1816. In this accursed island one cannot see the sun or the moon for the greater part of the year; always rain or fog. One can't ride a mile without being soaked; even the English, accustomed as they are to dampness, complain of it.

15th. We have no superfluity here, except of time.

22d. On my return from the army of Italy, Bernardin de St. Pierre came to call on me, and almost at once turned the conversation on the subject of his poverty. During my boyhood I had dreamed of nothing but Paul and Virginia, and, flattered by a confession that I assumed to be confidential and due to my great reputation, I speedily returned his call, and discreetly left a little roll of twenty-five louis on the mantelpiece.

February 7. *News of the death of Murat at Pizzo.*

The Calabrese have been more humane, more generous, than those who sent me here!

8th. It was fated that Murat should do us injury. I would have taken him to Waterloo, but the French army